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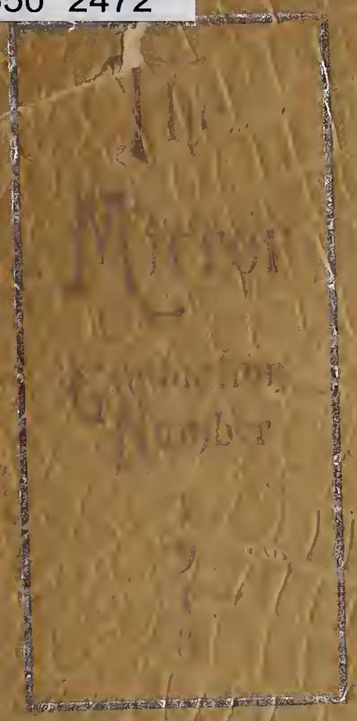

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Tufts College Medical School

BOSTON, MASS.

Change in Entrance Requirements in 1914

AT a meeting of the Faculty of Tufts College Medical School held April 18, 1913, in accordance with a recent ruling of the Association of American Medical Colleges, of which this school is a member, the following action was taken:

VOTED: That after January 1, 1914, one year of college work in Physics, Chemistry, Biology and either French or German, equal to the work done in the freshman year in standard colleges and universities, in addition to a completed four year course in an accredited high school, shall be required for admission to Tufts College Medical School.

Tufts College Medical School is prepared to give the one-year pre-medical course in its building in Boston, and will begin the first course October 1, 1913.

Full details regarding the course will be furnished upon application to the Secretary.

The requirements for admission in the session 1913-14 will remain as previously stated in the catalog.

Frederic M. Briggs, M. D., Secretary,
Tufts College Medical School,
416 Huntington Avenue, Boston, Mass.

THE MIRROR

ENTERED AS SECOND CLASS MATTER AT WALTHAM POST OFFICE

JUNE, 1913 PRICE 20 CENTS

VOL. VIII WALTHAM HIGH SCHOOL, WALTHAM, MASS. NO. 9

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CLASS OFFICERS

Salutatory

ELIZABETH DABOLL

Ladies and Gentlemen:

WE, the Class of Nineteen Hundred and Thirteen, welcome you cordially to our closing exercises. Since we first came into the school, everything has been done to help us. The very building itself contains much of educational value in the form of pictures and statuary which have been presented to the school by former classes and by interested friends. As we become familiar with famous works of art, we cultivate our tastes and thus we learn to appreciate things artistic. Especially beautiful is the picture given by the class of nineteen hundred and twelve. It is a copy of a painting of one of a series in the Library of Congress, Washington, known as "The Progress of Printing;" this particular picture represents "Manuscript Writing" and it is well worth one's trouble to go and see it in the High School Assembly Hall. Our class has given a companion piece, "Oral Tradition," from the same series.

From the external surroundings, we pass to school work, and the teachers, who are surely doing their best to further our interests. It is often hard to realize that we are actually working for our own good and not for the teacher's. Why should we do this, or that? is the question that we ask ourselves. Just at the time we may not feel particularly interested in the subject; but, some day that question will be answered for us. Everyone may find a course suited to his own taste, whether he incline toward a general course, with manual training or domestic science, a business course, or a classical course. With the addition of a new cooking room, there are many more possibilities for those taking domestic science. The teachers themselves can testify as to the attainments of the pupils in this line, for lunches have often been served to them.

We are helped not only in school, but even outside of school, for those who wish employment in their leisure hours may apply to our vocation bureau. Many business men of the city consult with the teachers in charge of this new department about the positions which high school boys or girls could fill. In this way, some of those who otherwise might be obliged to leave school to go to work are provided for. For the help of those who are graduating, but have not yet decided what they can do, there are vocational charts, in which are names of schools and other institutions for every kind of vocation; such as law, nursing, teaching, and many others.

Beside the regular school work, we receive another kind of education in the form of travels. Our sub-master has entertained us several times with travel talks about the Yellowstone Park and different countries of Europe. The stereopticon pictures added

greatly to the interest of the subjects and showed us the differences between the Old and the New Worlds. They are one of the pleasures which we shall miss very much, and we hope he will continue these lectures for the benefit of those who come after us. To our sub-master, also we owe our Washington trip. It is unfortunate that the whole class could not have participated in this instructive and altogether delightful experience. Our visit to the many government buildings and other places of interest can never be forgotten. I am sure we are all prouder of our Capital city now than before we had seen or heard so much about it.

There are also chances for the boys and girls to develop their physical powers. Whereas before, all the profits of the football and baseball games were devoted to a few boys, now an effort is being made to provide recreation for as many pupils of the High School as possible. This year five tennis courts have been made on the new Athletic Field and other sports have been provided. It is very encouraging to see the interest with which the young people have taken up the new sports.

With all these opportunities, the Waltham High School ought to and does send out many well-trained boys and girls. Some of them are here tonight, just ready to step into the places which are waiting for them. It is hoped that all may attain what they seek, and remember with pleasure the Waltham High School which has helped them in their progress.

SENIOR CLASS

Valedictory

EILEEN McCARTHY

Ladies and Gentlemen:

THE task of saying farewell is always a difficult one, and one which the French evade with their cheery "Au revoir." We Americans, however, more outspoken than they, do not hesitate to say "good-bye," firmly believing that if God be with our friends, everything else will be well. And then, after all, "vale" is only a stepping-stone to "salve"—and to progress.

The world advances so rapidly nowadays that there is small time for ceremonious leave-taking. The youngster of five or six looks with scorn on the remains of his elder brother's toy fire-engine, and calmly demands a miniature automobile or aeroplane. Herein the thoughtful man might find material "to point a moral or adorn a tale;" for, while the small boy of ten years ago only aspired to *drive* a fire-engine when he grew up, the small boy of today confidently expects to *own* an automobile, and does not despair of acquiring an aeroplane.

Mrs. Anna Garlan Spencer, the prominent social worker, gave a very inspiring example of this rapid advance, in a talk at the Unitarian Church this winter. She told how she and her fellow-workers are gradually bringing order out of the chaos which formerly reigned in the field of social work. As an illustration of the old idea of charity, she related the very amusing anecdote of a family who live near an orphan asylum. The mother noticed that her apples disappeared very rapidly, so, of course, she questiond her small son. "John, have you been eating a great many apples lately?"

"Yes, mother."

"Well, of course I want you to have all that are good for you, but really—"

"O, but mother, you see I *have* to have a great many apples, because the orphans want the cores." Mrs. Spencer said, in effect, that now, instead of giving the orphan the core, we took the whole apple, carefully considered whether he needed the skin, the seeds, or the pulp, and then acted accordingly.

The progress in educational training since the previous generation is also very marked. Our great public school system is not a colossal failure, a useless machine that stifles all originality and produces inefficient men and women, despite the rather far-fetched arguments to that effect which the "Ladies' Home Journal" has published. If things were as bad as this magazine has painted them, they would be in a serious state indeed. But we need only to read "The Promised Land," that enthusiastic tribute to our schools, by one who entered them as a little alien, with the determination to "make good," in order to be convinced that here, too, the hand of progress has been at work. What girl, so unfortunate as to have been born poor, had, even in our mother's generation, the chance to learn without cost how to manage her

household on a scientific, economical basis, or how to earn her living in the world of business. These and many other opportunities are open to the girl of today, to say nothing of the improvement in the training for boys, yet the pessimists are saying that our public schools are of no help in fitting us for real life!

They say, too, that the general tendency of the age is to sink back into the depths of selfishness, and they speak dolefully of the recent calamities which so aptly illustrate their gloomy statements. It is only too true that the loss of some of America's finest men and women through a shipwreck caused by an inordinate desire for speed; and through a flood brought about by selfish greed for money, is irreparable, and so tragically needless. But, as usual, there are two sides to the question, and the optimist's points to improvement. Right in our own city, the generous interest taken in the Day Nursery and in the Animal Aid Society, furnishes ample proof of the prevalent spirit of altruism. And, as straws show the way the wind blows, so a better spirit in a small city indicates a better spirit in the world at large. The movement for universal peace is a very forcible illustration that we are approaching, no matter how slowly, Christ's ideal of "on earth, peace, good will towards men." And then Mother's Day—what more direct contradiction of the cynic's view of humanity could there be than the readiness with which people adopted a white carnation as the emblem of motherhood?

Ah, yes, motherhood! We must only be thankful for the world's advance since the preceding generation; we cannot boast haughtily of it, for that was mother's generation, and father's, too, and far be it from us to feel superior to them. Besides, in years to come, we may sit in this hall and listen to our sons or daughters, as they tell how far the world has gone on since *their* parents' day.

"In years to come"—that has an ominous sound—I wonder how many of us are as glad to leave high school as we have so repeatedly and emphatically declared we would be? For those who are going farther, regret is softened by the thought of good times to come; but for those who are to begin work at once, tonight has a deeper significance. Few employers are so genuinely interested in our welfare as are our teachers, or so ready to make allowances for neglected work when we want "to be in The Play" or "to go on the Washington Trip." It is all very well to fuss and fume when lessons seem hard, but when it comes to the final test, I am sure that there are very few of us who will have no shade of regret as we receive our diplomas, the symbol of four successful years.

Where shall we be in another four years? The far and the near sighted are equally helpless, for neither can tell. Yet I am sure that if I say "Success to you all," our relatives, teachers and friends will answer unanimously, as did the country school committee,

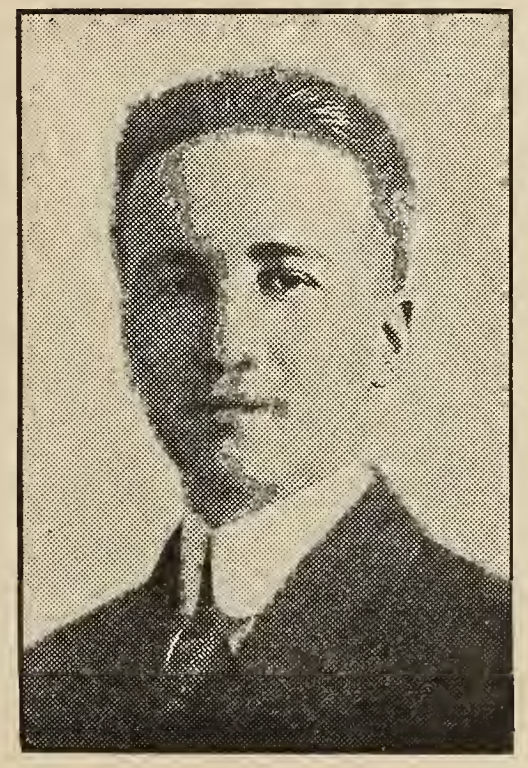
"Them's my sentiments tew!"

MIRROR STAFF

Prophecy of the Class of 1913

FRANCIS GATELY

RAIN, rain, everywhere, and even then some more! On this particular day I wanted to be above this dim spot called earth, far from the noise of the streets, and far away from all human beings; therefore I decided to ascend to the top of the high Norumbega Tower, where noise is never heard. After ascending the tower and viewing the beautiful scenery of the surrounding country, I noticed in the distance a large green cloud which was rapidly approaching in my direction. I knew I should be enveloped in it because I was so high above the ground. When the cloud was about half a mile away, I began to feel dizzy and the country seemed to be whirling around by head. I commenced to grow sleepy as the cloud came nearer. Although striving to drive this feeling away, I soon fell asleep, and was dead to the world, and to the rain that was pouring down in bucketfuls.



Then I came into a new world. Such a racket, from such a little band of suffragettes, who were coming down Main street, led by Meta Ingham, bearing a banner with the words, "The Noisy Suffragettes." They carried out the name on their banner to the best of their ability. At Central Square they stopped, and Miss Ingham started to address the crowd of nearly 10,000 people who had collected. After her speech she introduced the rest of the suffragettes, Helen Leighton, Marion Jones, Mildred Kierstead and Annie Ruane, who spoke a few words; then they formed in line and started on their way to Washington.

Those would-be-if-they-could-be voters having gone, I began to walk up Main street, gazing at the tall and stately buildings and trying to remember what were there many years ago. In the distance I noticed a building which stood out more than the others. On coming nearer, I saw that it was the Public Library, placed on Prospect Hill, so that it might be seen from all parts of the city. I decided to view this building from the inside, and to see some of the hard-workers who labor there. I entered, went to the desk, and asked if I might see the Librarian. The two attendants, namely the Misses Mabry and Casey, began to talk about books. Again I asked for the Librarian, but they still talked to me about books. Finally, I decided to find him myself. This I did, and imagine my surprise on discovering Madden as the Librarian. He was in his private office. He welcomed me, and asked me to sit down and wait a minute until he had finished writing a letter. I began to wonder whether he also would talk book-language to me, but I decided to risk listening to him. When he had finished his letter, I asked him how he came to have this position. "Well," he said, "here is the story of my adventures." Now I was sure he was going to talk the book-language to me, but

I could not get away, so I had to listen. "One year ago I set out to make 'A Tour of the World in Eighty Days,' intending to stop at 'Mirabel's Island,' 'House of the Seven Gables,' and 'The Blue Anchor Inn.' Three days later, after the 'Burning Daylight' had set, 'The Second Deluge' came. We were now 'Prisoners of Chance' 'On Board the Mary Sands,' doomed to take either one of the 'Four Roads to Paradise' or to escape 'The Devil's Wind' and be 'Master' of the 'Wheels of Chance.' However, 'The Devil's Wind' conquered and the ship started to sink, when I, 'Andrew the Glad,' at 'The Outpost of Eternity' seized the ice-pan, which had been used during 'The Melting of Molly,' and jumped overboard. There was I, 'Adrift on an Ice-pan' in 'Biscayne Bay.' The following night 'The Money Moon' rose, and by means of its rays, I found myself 'Under Castle Walls.' Some one 'Walled In' this building, hearing 'A Cry in the Wilderness,' followed the sound of my 'Voice' and so I, 'Jim,' was rescued, and led into a 'Glass House' in the center of 'The Red City.' A 'King in Khaki' knowing that I was an 'Amateur Gentleman' gave me something to supply the inner man and ushered me into room 'No. 318.' The next day I went aboard the 'Shining Ferry' and together with the 'Ship's Company' sailed for Boston. While 'Homeward Bound' I served as a member of the 'Fourth Watch' 'To the Credit of the Sea.' And so 'The Wheels of Time' went round. Six days later, we entered Boston Harbor, 'Home from the Sea' and ready to serve under "Petticoat Rule.' After spending a week with 'The Members of the Family,' I drank from the 'Chalice of Courage' and told my 'Likely Story' at the 'Bachelor Dinner.' My 'Story of an Untold Love' became 'The Talk of the Town' and I was awarded this 'Old Nest.' And so as an 'Ardent American' I have related 'The Joyous Adventures of Aristide Pujol.'" After Madden had finished this interesting narrative, seeing that he was going to talk more book-language, I said "So Long," and departed.

Coming down to civilization once more, I determined to go to the Waltham Opera House in order to hear a musical company that was playing there. The play had just started as I entered the door, and picture my surprise to see Mendelssohn at the piano and Katherine Sewall singing. Oh! such harmony. And when the misery was over, some person in the gallery clapped his hands. This brought them out again. As a result there were bouquets galore. I soon left the theatre and, seeing a crowd gathered at Hall's Corner, I decided to find out what was going on.

On coming closer, I perceived "Bud" Griggs standing on a soap-box trying to sell his Arab horses. The horses were originally black, but "Bud" and the sly Walter had painted them so that they looked like pure white Arab horses. This is how these dealers tried to cheat the public, and they would have succeeded if it had not started to rain, whereby the horses lost color, as also did "Bud" and "Sly Walter." They knew that the end was near, so they started to run up Moody street, but the crowd saw them and pursued the "tall and short" of the Arab horse-game out of the city.

I saw Louise Davis and Genevieve Preble running for a car with such lightness of step that I was astounded. Later I learned that they were gymnasium teachers and also taught aesthetic dancing, together with the new up-to-date dances. Alice Phelan had also taken a course in gymnastics, but was now coaching the Senior play cast, having signed a ten-year contract. Pete Pendlebury was touring the world, giving exhibitions of his wonderful strength and physique, which he claimed to have received from using the spacious gymnasium of the W. H. S., and also by using O'Hara's Sweet-Oil treatment. You ask how Fitch got this oil? That I cannot tell, although

he had been arrested while trying to catch the animal from which he obtained it. The famous sheriff, Leslie Russell, who arrested "Claudie," did not find the body of the animal about "Claudie's" person when he caught him, but there was something that seemed to follow Fitch wherever he went. This was sufficient to prove that he had been obtaining material for his oil. He was brought into court, over which Judge Morgan presided, his tall, stately person well filling his loose gown. Helen Larkin was the lawyer pleading for "Claudie," but she was not eloquent enough to defeat the attorney for the State, Margaret Angus, whose eloquence moved the judge, jury and spectators to tears. She showed what a crime it would be to let a man loose who destroyed those harmless, defenceless animals for the sake of his oil. Poor Fitch was convicted, and was forced to spend his earnings in buying his liberty. Doris Marr still upheld her reputation as an editor, as she now occupies the chair of editor of the "Woman's Journal," which had become one of the most prominent papers in the country. Her editorials were of the best, dealing chiefly with college athletics.

While in New York I met Orland, who was a horse doctor, but he said he sometimes had people come to him to be cured of their maladies. To these people he administered the same medicines that he gave his horses; however, the same person never came twice. He said that he was married to Lucia Capwell, who made an excellent wife, except for her cooking, which consisted of fudge, cake and chocolates. Then I left Orland to roam about this great metropolis. After leaving Orland, I caught Ohnemus running in the direction of the Academy of Music with his watch in his hand. I asked him where he was going, and he replied that he had the leading part in a spectacular drama in the last act of which he made a clean sweep of it all. He would have given me some tickets but he had just given his last to John D. Rockefeller. I decided to see this play and watch Ohnemus make a clean sweep of it. The first act was over and still no Russell, and so with the second and third. In the last scene of the fourth act, "Taxi" leads a little French poodle across the stage. Then I perceived that he had a leading part, but where was the clean sweep? Ah, yes, he was doing that after the people had gone out. Leaving Ohnemus to complete his clean sweep I again started to see the sights. A large electric sign attracted my attention, on which I read as I came nearer, "The Amalgamated Order of Stenographers." I decided to visit this order and see how it was organized. When I came to the main door of this company I read the word "Rehpargonets." I then began to wonder if I were in the wrong place. I asked a passing person, who told me that I was going in the right direction, so I opened the door and walked in. The first person to greet me was Elsmere Cotton, president of this order and also "High Rehpargonet." She informed me that this was a correspondence school, the purpose of which was to teach stenography by mail, and the order also tried to obtain positions for their graduate stenographers. When I asked her the meaning of the name on the door, she led me into her private office and told me the true story of the Company. "This society makes believe it is teaching stenography by mail," she began, "but instead of that, we are obtaining husbands for ourselves. Of course, we have to teach some stenography to keep up appearances. This order is very exclusive and only former W. H. S. stenographers are allowed to join. The present members are Edith Anderson, Mary McDonald, Mildred Dicks, Marguerite Bingay and Stella Hay. Gladys Parsons was a member at one time, but we lost her at the very beginning. It is only a matter of a few weeks before this whole society will have to dissolve because it will have no mem-

bers." I asked her why this chosen few had taken this way of getting married. She said, "We love the little excitement that comes into this business, and also the fun of not knowing your future husband except by his handwriting. Even the word 'Rehpargonets sounds mysterious, although it is only the word stenographer spelled backwards." I left this society to continue its rushing business and went my way. Josephine Lally was singing in the Metropolitan Opera House in New York, where she had signed a contract for 25 years. She had such a deep voice and could take a male part with such success that one of the actresses, not knowing she was a woman, began to make love to her. She was making money enough to buy Ohnemus out of his present position. Katharine Larner was a world's champion. Of course, you want to know what she was champion of. Well, she was the most bashful girl in the world and on this reputation had appeared before the large men's clubs of the world. By doing this she was making a name that would go down in history, and live for years and years.

Surely I must not forget Hartmann, who became a mining engineer of great fame and wealth. He was working in a mine out in the Rocky Mountains, far away from all civilization. During his career up to this time he had had but one slight accident. He was down in the mine and was starting to light his pipe, with what he thought was a match, but was in reality a stick of dynamite. He usually carried a large number of these sticks in his pockets. After scratching this thought-to-be match on his trousers for about five minutes, he became angry and threw it forcibly on the rocks near him. Goodby, Henry! He went up 200 feet—and of course had to come back 200 feet. But when he struck the ground, he got up, put his hand in his pocket, took out a match, lighted his pipe and walked away. It takes more than that to kill Hartmann.

Eileen MacCarthy and Elizabeth Daboll were writing a book entitled "How to Make a Success in High School." This included the study of baseball, football, basketball and swimming. Fern Conner was illustrating the book with pictures of athletes.

Ethel Templar was giving piano lessons on very reasonable terms. She taught the pupil free of charge until he could play; then, when he gave notice of leaving, she would charge him 50 cents for his last lesson. Just at present she was becoming very rich.

George Furbush, alias Thomas Edison the second, since he lived so near to the water, had invented many useful objects to be used in water sports and water travelling. Among these things was a canoe which could be tipped in all directions without going over. One might even push one side under the water and still it would not roll over, and, furthermore, no water would rush into it. He invented oars that unseen hands manipulated; that is, one need only place them in the oarlocks and they would begin to work just as if somebody were pushing them. These made him rich and famous. But one invention made him hated by all who tried it, and that was a bathing suit. In order to wear this suit, one had to wish himself inside of it, and after wishing it on, one was not able to take it off.

Olive Hopkins was a leader of society, after inheriting a large fortune. She invited me to dinner one day, and while I was seated on the window-seat, waiting for dinner to be served, I heard Olive talking to the butcher's boy. She was saying that the piece of steak that she bought the other day was so tough that she could not cut it. The butcher boy told her that she was lucky, because another customer down the street bought a piece of steak that was so tough he could not get his fork into the gravy. After hearing this conversation, I began to

SENIOR PLAY CAST

wonder if I would get any of this favored steak. When the dinner was ready, I noticed a large piece of steak on the table and I saw Miss Hopkins placing an extra large portion of it on my plate. She said, "This steak is so tender that it will almost melt in your mouth. I had to pay a very high price for it at the market." What would she say if she knew that I had heard that little conversation of hers. Society leaders are not always truthful.

Albert Geoffrion was the proprietor of a large dry goods store in the city of Boston. He had a wooden leg now, because, he said, his foot was continually going to sleep, and he could not be bothered wasting time to wake it up. Time is money nowadays. Myrtle Wyman was manager of the women's clothing department where Parisian gowns were sold. Every day when Myrtle appeared on the street she had on a different Parisian gown. Whether this was for advertisement or not I do not know. However, she was always in style. Emily Bassett was in charge of the demonstrating department and she was making a great success of this branch of the business. When I entered the store, she was demonstrating some new coffee grinder. One need not go near the table in order to hear her little voice, for one might stand on the street and even then hear very plainly.

Chester Ashworth had followed four roads of life, all at the same time. He was a milkman from 4 a. m.-8 a. m., a teacher of stenography from 8 a. m.-1 p. m., and a baseball coach from 1 p. m.-6 p. m., and a pianist from 6 p.m.-10 p. m. Then, after 10 p. m., he made up for the three meals he had missed. His milk route was the most extensive in the country, but he was a fast boy and did it all himself. He taught stenography in the W. H. S. His baseball coaching was on the "Starfish Giants." His piano playing was practised at the Apollarium Theatre. So Chester was a busy man and living a strenuous life.

This theatre, at which Chester plays the piano, was managed by Mr. Hollis Vaughan, who, after graduating from the Scenic Temple College of Ushering, had taken a course at the Orpheum College on the Art of Managing. After this he had undertaken the management of the Appollarium. He stages only Shakespearian plays, he himself taking the leading part, Marjorie McGahan taking the leading lady's role. She has made such a success in these plays that she had received large offers to appear in New York theatres. However, she had refused them because she would rather work for Hollis. I asked Hollis how he came to be a Shakespearian actor and this is how he answered me: "I, together with 'Macbeth' and 'King Lear,' set out during the 'Tempest' to the Court of 'King Henry the VIII.' On the 'Twelfth Night' we with the 'Merchant of Venice' and 'Two Gentlemen from Verona' arrived on the scene in time to see 'The Taming of the Shrew.' While at court 'Hamlet' told us of his 'Midsummer Night's Dream' and 'Julius Caesar' of his 'Love's Labours Lost.' 'Coriolanus' gave numerous points on acting, and so I became a Shakespearian actor. Now, as 'King John' says, 'You Can Take It' 'As You Like It' for 'All's Well That Ends Well.'"

Olive Daley, alias Beatrice Fairflax, was writing articles for the Boston American magazine section. Her articles consisted chiefly of poetry on the different seasons of the year, athletic stories and some hints on love and sentiment.

Grace Towne was successfully carrying on the spring-water business and also the circulating library. There was no danger of Towne's spring running dry because Grace had discovered a way to prevent it from doing so. Every night she poured water, taken from a faucet in the house, down a hidden pipe which led to the source of the spring, and so people continued to

receive Towne's Pure Spring Water as long as Grace lived.

Dorothy Whitney was in full charge of the girls' gymnastic classes at the Free Reading Room. She also taught the classes how to swim, she herself having crossed the continent giving exhibitions on high diving and swimming. She had made her reputation as a long distance swimmer by swimming across the Charles River in 15 minutes.

Merton Frye was an organist in Grace Church in New York. Although he was not the head organist he had a chance to strike a note once in a while, but not very often. He was offered a permanent position and increase of salary over that which he received in 1913 if he stayed and played the hymns in the W. H. S. He refused this generous offer, however, although if he had accepted it he might have become a rich man on the salary he would have received.

Lucy White was touring the country as the world's greatest lady comedienne, although as I remember Lucy she was a nice, quiet, little girl. Her jokes and funny stories were all of her own making.

Arthur Ela was auditor of the city of Sacramento, having been elected by the women of the city, who thought his voice the most even and sweetest they had ever heard. His campaign speeches were made before the women's clubs of that city. He also edited a newspaper in which he wrote articles on how to manage a theatre and also a number of arguments on why the United States should not intervene in Mexico. These were read by the President himself in order that he might receive some sound logic on the question.

Grace Hicks was a missionary in China and was writing a book on Chinese customs. She was living and following the same customs as the Chinese in order to make her book more true to life. I do not know whether she ate the same kind of food, but I hope she didn't. Because of her peculiar calling, she became a quiet little girl, never smiling at even the funniest joke.

Edgarton Polly was a mechanical engineer and what he did not know about a chromoscylograph, the electrophorus, the ellipsograph, and metaphysics, was not worth knowing. For all this he could not take a bicycle apart, and then put it together again, without having some part of the bicycle left over.

Leavita Kingsbury was a dancing teacher with many pupils, the majority of whom were men. She herself gave solo dances before the crowned heads of Europe. I do not know with what these heads were crowned. I later learned from a newspaper reporter that Leavita knew one solo dance, which she danced before these crowned heads. When she was in Spain, it was a Spanish dance; in Italy it was an Italian dance—and so on through all the countries.

George Cormey was writing a book entitled "How to Study Poetry," with chapters on allegory, force, etc. He was illustrating the book with pictures which he himself had drawn. These pictures were of a very general nature, including mostly heads of Gibson girls. He was also writing a book on solid geometry and the fourth dimension. George was some boy.

Louise Whitmore was teaching algebra in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, having received this position because of her high standing in algebra in the W. H. S.

Blanche Childs was a dancing teacher, her specialty being the Highland Fling. She was giving exhibitions of this dance throughout the countries of Europe. However, she avoided Scotland and all places where there was a large number of Scots.

Raymond Mills was the famous editor of the Boston American comic section, having won this high position after a four year course at college and extra hard work after his college career. This high position was not the only thing he had won. He had

swum a race after Ruth and had finally landed in first place. Under his great leadership the pictures became more highly colored, the paper easier to tear, and so in these and many other ways the paper prospered. He had appointed Ira Ames the staff artist of his paper, and a very good artist Ira made. In one copy of this paper Ira drew a picture of a young man with a violin which was larger than the man himself. The violinist would never have been able to put the violin under his chin because of its great size. The words under the picture were: I-(r)a(M)-A-Mes(s).

Mills, in his editorial column, which measured one inch by one inch wrote: "Ye olde fashioned readers of the Boston American may be interested to know that Ira Ames drew this picture of himself." Another little note which he crowded into his column was: "Our esteemed fellow citizen, James Brown, Esq., will go to the hospital tomorrow to be operated upon for the removal of his appendix, by Dr. Marshall. He will leave a wife and two children." Raymond must have been trying to ruin Dr. Marshall's practice.

Caroline Grant and Hortense Thompson were famous "Claribels," having attained this high honor by hard work in the W. H. S. They were travelling all over the world giving exhibitions at which they showed great speed in typewriting. They could both typewrite 758 words a minute. Hortense was a little faster than Carolyn, doing usually 758 words and one extra letter in the one minute.

Roland Eaton was a farmer out in the back woods of Maine. He had discovered a fertilizer which made the soil so rich that crops could be raised in it at any time of the year. Many men had endeavored to find out the secret of this fertilizer, but Roland had his farm surrounded by armed men who prohibited every one from trespassing. The Secretary of Agriculture of the U. S. tried to interview Roland and secure some of this fertilizer, but he was unsuccessful. Then the President of the U. S. came and endeavored to do the same thing, but Roland could not be interviewed, so no doubt the secret will die with Roland.

Helen Bartel was a member of the stock company which was playing at the Boston Theatre. She took the heavy part of the play and carried it very well. Fred Esterbrooks, after long service in a book bindery, had found a way by which he might improve on the time in finishing a book. He invented a machine so complicated that one could not see how or where it started, that bound the books, while Fred sat back and smoked his pipe of clay. There was a large tube at one end in which he dumped a pile of books. After five minutes, these books would come out of the other end all sewed, covered, washed and ready to be sent away. This had been done wholly by the machine. See what a genius the class of 1913 had in its midst in the form of a little, blushing, bashful boy!

Florence Hession and Gladys Harvey were members of Congress, and very fiery members they made. They were called the "Double H" club. When the bill for universal woman suffrage was brought into Congress, they supported it to the best of their ability, which was a great deal in the way of speech-making. Each one spoke two days and two nights on woman suffrage; they would have kept on talking had not Congress given in to the proposition. These two quiet little girls have starved the mighty Congress into submission.

Albert Kittredge was running a garage on Main street, and also sold motor cycles, etc. One day as I passed by his garage, I heard a loud noise and saw a grey streak fly past. It stopped in the middle of the street; then it went backwards at the same great speed. This was kept up for about five minutes, when, on one return trip, the auto exploded, and a minute later, "Ikey" was seen coming down slowly through the

air by means of an open umbrella. When he reached the ground, I asked him what he was trying to do, and he said he was trying to invent an automobile which would start by scratching a match along the front tire. The engine was not supposed to stop until the car returned to the same spot from which it started. Every time he tried out this new car he carried an umbrella so that he might reach the ground safely. I left Albert to his new auto and went my way.

Wilfred Justason, the "Terrible Turk," because he remained so long in the Congressional Library looking at the pictures, had been given the position of guide to these pictures. He was now able to pick out a picture for the Senior classes for a long time to come. He was a very quiet young man now. I think that he must have been crossed in love, because every once in a while one might hear him say, "Oh Phoebe, Phoebe, Phoebe!"

Carl Eaton was the football coach of the Yale bull-dogs, and he certainly had some team. He had them coached so well that no team in the whole U. S. would dare to play them. He himself could defeat the whole eleven dogs, but he and only he, knew how to do it. Carl also wrote a book on how to make love according to the 18th century idea. We all know that he had lots of practice in this kind of love making.

Alex. Johnstone was the leader of a choir in a village back in the wilderness. Alex. had his singers coached finely, but they seemed to forget to hold on to the last beat; so Alex. himself sang this certain song and on the last note he went "do-do-do" so that the singers would hold the note three beats. This was a very good way to teach them, but when they came to sing the words to a hymn it was a different story. Alex. could be heard above the rest of the singers and so when they came to the line, "Let all creatures bow," Alex. sang "Let all creatures bow-wow-wow." It sounded great, just like a dog fight.

Warren Whitcomb had suddenly become rich, consequently he did not have to work. He seemed to be slowly going insane. He hired Gertrude Hope, who had signed a life contract to play her violin all day, and make it sound like howling cats. She did this very well and so pleased Warren. Every once in a while Warren would say:

"All the world's a rage,
And the men and women simply crazy;
They have their neckties and their hose,
And they wear gaudy colors in their time,
These being seven styles. First,
Hartmann, growling and raging, fixing his flashy tie,
Then Ela, investing in firemen's socks,
Bashful and blushing, trying to show his flowing locks,
Next, Ohnemus, wild and wooly, quick in matching,
Seeking honor even in ladies' eye.
Then McNeil, with long, large head, full of wise sayings.
The sixth scene shifts into the lean and slippered pantaloon,
Such as Griggs is wont to sport,
With hat on side, groaning daily as the French comes on.
Last scene of all, that ends this long eternal misery
Is second childishness.
As Cormey, squirming under teacher's eye
Sans excuse, sans books, sans lessons, sans everything."

And so Whitcomb raves.

While walking along Main street I heard a person running behind me crying, "Eureka! Eureka!" I turned around and there saw John MacNeil running towards me. I feared, at first, that he might be dressed as the man who first said "Eureka," but he was not. I stopped him and asked him what he had found and he said, "Come, Eureka, home, Eureka, with me, Eureka." So I went to his house with him. I guess his discovery must have affected his mind

because, after entering the house, he threw his hat out of the window, and tried to hang a cigar stubb on a peg in the hat rack. He told me to sit down while he performed his experiment. He brought out a bowl filled with vinegar, in which he placed a small wooden hoop. After 15 minutes he took the hoop out again and bent it into a square, exclaiming, "Ah, I have found it. I have squared the circle." He then told me how he had studied mathematics, taught mathematics, and eaten mathematics in order to make this discovery of squaring the circle. So Johnnie had made his name in the world.

This excitement had made me grow thirsty, and without stopping to think I drank the bowlful of vinegar. I felt a sharp thumping in my stomach, and I thought I was approaching my doom, when I woke up and found a little fellow, who had made his way to my retreat, jumping up and down on my stomach. So I returned to this world once more, and became again a member of the Class of 1913 of the W. H. S.

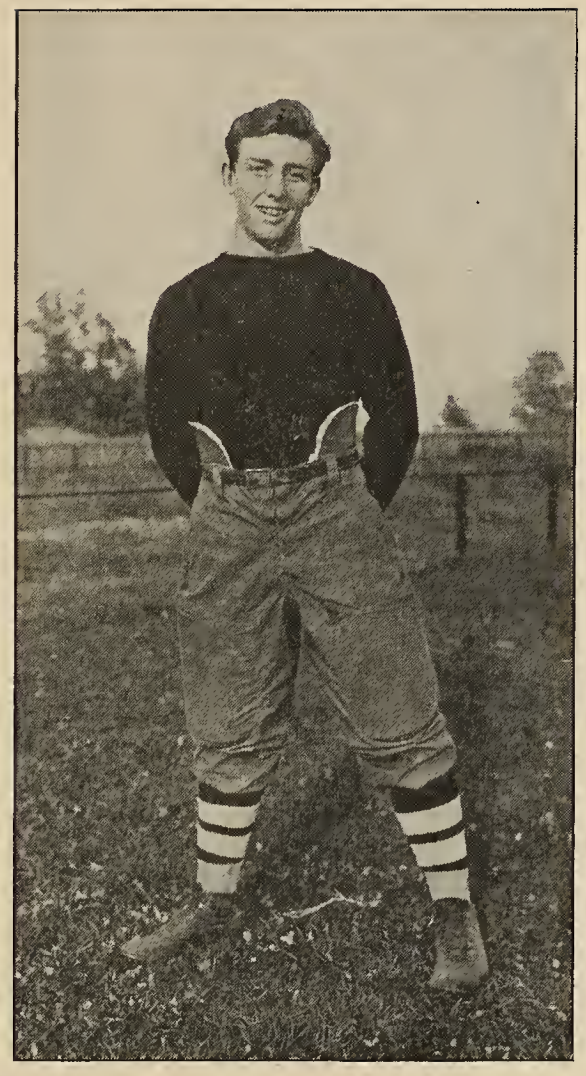
Class Ode

OLIVE DALEY

A dreamer sat in forest glade
  And fashioned fairy towers,
White towers where pale moonlight strayed
  Through dim, enchanted bowers;
He scorned the toilers of the field
  Who ploughed the fertile land,
He dreamed Success and Idleness,
  Twin-brothers, hand in hand.

An icey blast rushed from the north,
  The dreamer saw with pain
His Iris-woven tapestry
  Was fashioned all in vain;
He sadly sought the toilers then
  And asked them for the way
To distant mounts, where crystal founts
  Threw sweet Ambition's spray.

They answered: "Toil unceasingly;
  Without this, nothing's won,
Your dreams should be realities
  Through labor you have done;
You then will find life's not for self,
  A holier, higher aim;
That true Success scorns Idleness,
  That toil wins victor's name.



J. WILBUR PENDLEBURY, Captain

FOOTBALL TEAM

Class History, 1913

OLIVE DALEY

ACCORDING to old and sacred custom, the correct beginning for the History of the Class of 1913 would be: "It was a warm, pleasant morning in early September—" and, continuing, give a detailed and harrowing account of the anxious weeks and sleepless nights spent in anticipation of our "first day."

However, let us not enlarge upon our preparations for, or our first appearance in High School. We will not deny that we felt anxious. Indeed, we yield a point and say we felt extremely anxious, but we positively refuse to have ourselves recorded as "arising at an early hour, and, after a hurried breakfast, hastening fearfully toward the sacred portal of the temple of learning."

At first, sad to say, we did make some mistakes, but we always managed to retire gracefully. As for the patronizing upper classmen, we endured their smiles and comments, consoling ourselves with thoughts of sweet revenge in our own turn.

When a few weeks had passed, and we no longer felt strange in our new surroundings, we held a class meeting and elected Howard Dowd president, Helen Bartel vice-president and Frank Kelly secretary and treasurer.

The die for a school pin had been selected, and we were the second class to have the honor of wearing the new pins. This plan of a school—rather than a class—symbol removed the discussions which were sure to have arisen as to whether blue or green looked better with gold, or if we should have a shield, a triangle or an oval to set off our blazing numerals.

During this year our algebra teacher, Miss Palmer, resigned and we waited impatiently to see who would take her place. Enter—Miss Spencer. She gave us one withering glance and we have been absolutely tame and harness-broken ever since.

As soon as the warm days with hints of shady walks arrived, we agreed that life was just a burden, not a song, and we decided to drift peacefully to the end of the year without any more effort. The fates decreed otherwise, for our teachers soon made us understand that we must either work or move. We chose the former and reached vacation time safely with nothing more than a few "D's" and the alluring prospects of summer study to mar our hard won bliss.

Upon our return in September we were armed with resolutions to do or die. Well, we did, and the resolutions died, without a struggle. How could we be expected to behave in Room 16? How could we be expected to remember that Bocaccio was not the name of a Mohammedan mosque? The mediaeval tests for supposed criminals furnished no end of speculation as to why the victim could not swim if he so desired. Kelly had decided views on this subject.

A series of calamities took place in Room 25 under the patronage of Yack's famous

Turks, among which might be mentioned the battle during which Stone's lunch was spread on the floor before the delighted gaze of the gentle IIIB, and at the feet of Mrs. Reade, who hal just entered; and the little presentation of Cinderella and the Glass Slipper, with Giasson playing the title role.

Chemistry this year provided the original 57 varieties of excitement, sodium and chlorine gas being the favorite playthings. On one occasion Mr. Goodrich demanded a piece of finger nail for a nitric acid test. After a long and profound consultation one girl announced that he could have a piece of her "littlest nail," but when Mr. Goodrich drew out a huge jack-knife, and hastened smilingly toward the obliging one, the eternal feminine promptly changed her mind. We were willing to study chemistry, but we were not willing to become living victims for science.

At a secret meeting we were received into the "Demosthenes Club," and we listened with breathless interest to an impassioned speech on "What Not to Do and How to Do It." The laws and penalties were explained and soon we gave promise of rivaling the namesake of our organization. Some of us firmly insisted that practise alone makes perfect, and we spoke untiringly—three, four, and even five times. Three cheers for Demosthenes!

Officers had been elected again, this year the choice being Bernard Oliver as president, Margaret MacCarthy vice-president and Frank Kelly secretary and treasurer.

Plans were soon made for our first social, and again we were not as the others, for in glancing over former class records we find that the first class affair many times verges on the brink of failure, socially speaking. This, however, was not our experience. While many of the boys did look a trifle self-conscious, this restraint soon vanished under the influence of that democratic game of "Drop the Handkerchief."

Our second social was more enthusiastic than the first, and we began to feel that we really knew one another.

This summer vacation passed more quickly than the first one, and it seemed but a few weeks when we were back again as Juniors; that is, some of us were.

This year will be remembered forever by those who elected botany and physiology. We spent hours trying to find a class to which a bedraggled flower might belong, only to be told when we had found it, or when we thought we had, that we had forgotten to allow for the missing anthers and sepals, and hence had the wrong class.

Then the physiology! We soon learned why a solar plexus punch meant a knock-out, and could almost trace the course of the circulating blood without evident effort.

One day a mysterious package was opened and the rigid corpse of a fish was tenderly laid on the lecture table for an experiment. Now let it be said that we have seen fishes and fishes, but never a fish with so much to him as this one. The renewal of botany in the spring was welcomed, and our one tramp up Bear Hill proved quite interesting, especially for Alex.

About this time white cards began to fly. Mary soon had a corner on the market and competition ceased. Nearly every day she would make a trip to the Lion's Den with her bit of snowy pasteboard, and emerge,—smiling.

We wrote many little papers in English history "to make the work easier." One might ask, easier for whom?

Notices soon began to appear in the Junior rooms requesting the payment of class dues. These notices changed to stern demands, then frantic appeals and Raymond's self-importance increased daily. The girls dashed about looking worried and preoccupied, and Leavita informed us that her gown "just wouldn't drape." The great night finally arrived and we appeared in all the splendor of our fine raiment. The His-

tory and Prophecy were read, and then we danced. Oh, yes! We danced and danced. For those who became heated with their exertions there was punch, very delicious punch, according to our great critic, Cormey. For those who did not heat, there was still the dance.

That night the realization came that our days in High School were nearly over, and when we appeared in September we bore ourselves with the quiet dignity suited to Seniors. (If Miss Spencer objects, we'll strike this from the record.)

Many hitherto obscure stars began to shine. As brilliant examples may be mentioned Morgan in German, Cormey in geometry and French and O'Hara in everything. Ikey discovered an astonishingly unique pronunciation for d-u-k-e, which convulsed the class until Mr. Ward kindly explained that Albert's French had led him astray. It might well do so!

Officers were elected for the last time, Raymond Mills, Helen Bartel and Marjorie McGahan being the Class choice. Plans for a social were begun at once, and like all the others, it was an unquestioned good time.

English this year proved quite exciting, particularly the arguments for and against the "Movies," although we couldn't just see the appropriateness of Dink's cow anecdote. This, however, is nothing unusual.

Mr. Ward's intensely dramatic recital of the first witch scene from "Macbeth" was far better than the most shivery of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's wild tales, while Fitch's learned discussion of the use of "shall" and "will" furnished a wealth of material for deep thought.

Our Senior Dance was carried through with unequalled success, Raymond appearing in all the glory of evening dress, and dashing around with his usual zeal, trying to be everywhere all the time.

Soon calls came for the rivals of Ellen Terry and John Drew to meet the Senior P'ay coach and with very little trouble the cast was selected. The choice this year was "As You Like It," the prettiest of all Shakespeare's plays, and we all looked forward anxiously to its presentation.

Rehearsals were started in earnest and Alice grew quite thin under the strain of trying to suppress her laughter during her shepherd-sweetheart's ardent wooing.

When the curtain was drawn on the first act of our play, we knew that it would go down as a success. Thinking of the last social, we wondered how the Duke could have the heart to banish Celia to the lonesome Forest of Arden, but of course it had to be done, however harsh it seemed.

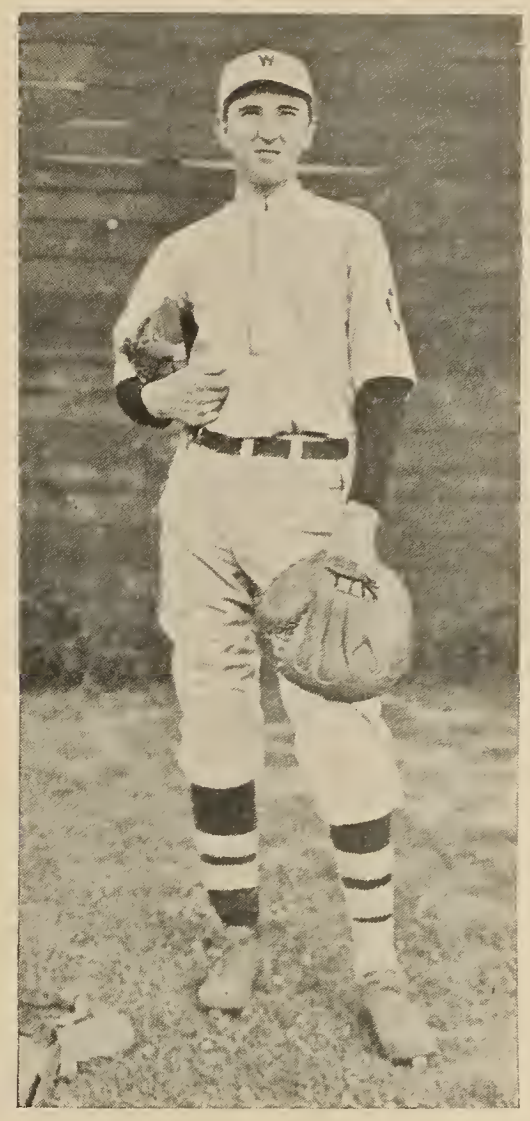
This excitement had no sooner subsided than the trip to Washington was being frantically discussed, and the password with the girls was, "Do you REALLY like dark blue serge, or——." Mr. Burke announced that while he was not competent enough to advise the young ladies just what to take, a suitcase would be all sufficient. What would we do without Mr. Burke!

On Friday, April 25, the thirty-seven pupils who had decided to make the trip started, while some three hundred enthusiastic friends cheered themselves hoarse by way of manifesting their good wishes.

The next week was one round of pleasure, with large slices of real excitement here and there. The travelers learned many things not scheduled to be learned during a trip of this kind. Dink discovered that a fire escape is not the easiest or the safest way to gain entrance to one's apartment. Carolyn knows now that Washington hearts cannot be cast aside lightly, and some of the boys have told us that even in the best of our hotels there are apt to be undesirable "emigrants," small, but very annoying. Since their return, Harold, Carl, Vaughn and Ela have declared that they favor very strict alien laws. Thus do we gain a broad understanding of a disputed situation.

We return to our classes after the all too brief vacation, cheered by the prospect of

ever nearing graduation. Yet tonight, as we are assembled here, who of us does not feel a pang of regret when he thinks of the meaning of these exercises. In a few weeks more we shall have finished our course in High School. Whatever the future may bring, let us always remember these days, which, if we but knew it, were our happiest and wherever we may be, let us always have a welcome for a member of Waltham High School, but particularly for a member of our own great Class of 1913.



CHESTER ASHWORTH, Captain

BASEBALL TEAM

Members of Class of 1913

COLLEGE COURSE

Helen Bartel, Emerson School
Emily Bassett, Framingham Normal
Blanche Childs, Simmons College
Elizabeth Daboll
Louise Davis, Framingham Normal
Gladys Harvey
Gertrude Hope
Olive Hopkins, Simmons College
Leavita Kingsbury
Doris Marr
Eileen McCarthy, Boston University
Marjorie McGahan, Sargent's or Simmons
Katherine Sewall
Ethel Templar
Lucy White
Louise Whitmore, Boston University
Carl Eaton
Fred Estabrooks, Boston University
Alphonsus Madden, Boston College
Albert L. Morgan, B. U. Law School
Leslie Russell
Walter Sly
Warren Whitcomb, Amherst Agricultural

TECHNICAL COURSE

George Cormey
Roland Eaton, Tufts
Arthur Ela, Yale
Francis Gately, Tufts
Clifford Griggs
Henry Hartman, Tech.
John MacNeill
Raymond Mills
Russell Ohnemus
Edgarton Polley, Technology or Tufts

GENERAL COURSE

Edith L. Anderson, Commercial School
Margaret G. Angus
Marguerite Bingay, Commercial School
Lucia Capwell, Framingham Normal
Mary Casey, Nurses' Tr. School
Fern Conner
Elsmere Cotton, Commercial School
Olive Daley
Mildred Dicks
Ruth Dinsmore, Commercial School
Carolyn Grant, Burdett College
Stella Hay, Nurses' Tr. School
Florence Hession
Grace Hicks
Meta Ingham
Marion Jones
Mildred Kierstead, Commercial School
Josephine Lally
Helen Larkin
Kathryn Larner
Helen Leighton, Normal Art School
Eva Mabry, Commercial School
Mary McDonald
Gladys Parsons
Alice Phelan
Genevieve Preble
Annie Ruane
Hortense Thompson
Grace Towne, Faelton School
Dorothy Whitney
Myrtle Wyman, Commercial School
Ira Ames, N. E. Conservatory
Chester Ashworth, Medical School
Merton Frye, N. E. Conservatory
George Furbush
Albert Geoffrion
Alexander Johnstone, Tufts Dental
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Mill Foremen of Departments	16	Trade Journalists	3
Assistants to Superintendents	2	In Business, Textile distributing or incidental thereto	7
Mill Auditors and Accountants	5	Other Business	15
Second Hands	9	Weavers	1
Clerks	3	Students	3
Textile Designers	18	Married Women	3
In Commission Houses	6	Textile Manufacturing, Unassigned	16
Wool Houses	1	Employment not known	19
Salesmen	6	Not employed	3
Purchasing Agents	1	Deceased	4
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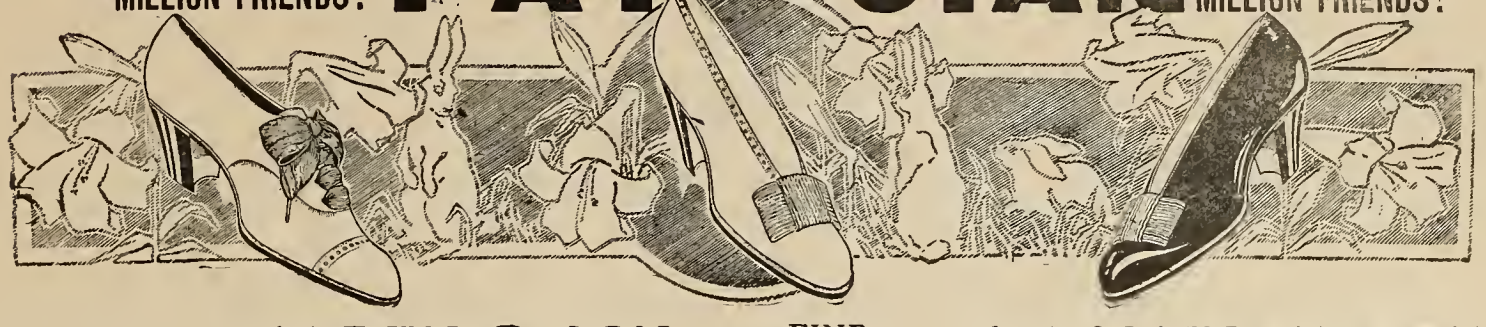

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